

SPARROWS DANCE

Woman is on screen. Her cell phone rings. WOMAN questions if she should answer. It takes a while, finally she answers.

WOMAN: Hello?

The caller disconnected.

WOMAN: Oh. Fuck.

Wes enters the zoom room. We only hear him, cannot see him yet.

WES: Hello?

WOMAN goes over to her computer.

WOMAN: Yeah?

WES: It's Wes. Are you there?

WOMAN: Yeah, I'm here.

WES: Can you let me in?

WOMAN: Well...

WES: What's the problem?

WOMAN: No problem.

WES: Am I interrupting something?

WOMAN: No. Sure.

She allows him into the zoom room. Before Wes comes on screen, she quickly moves into the kitchen and out of sight for Wes. She grabs a cigarette and lights it on the stove.

WES: Hello?

WOMAN (O.S): I'm in the kitchen.

She carefully shows herself to him.

WES: Smokin' again I see.

WOMAN: You're here to lecture me?

WES: What's your problem? You don't wanna hang out? Well, I called first, but you didn't answer. I was like, done working and thought I'd call you to say hallo.

WOMAN: You can call in advance, instead of a second before coming on here.

WES: Well, I guess I should go then. Gee...Fine. See you.

WOMAN: This wasn't a good idea.

WES: What's that?

WOMAN: This...You and me, this whole thing.

WES: Oh? Why is that?

WOMAN: Because I'm not ready for it.

WES: You seemed ready for it the other night. Did I presume too much by dropping in unannounced? I've been thinking about you all week. I just wanted to see you and say hi.

WOMAN: No, you don't understand, I've been...I've been thinking and I just don't think we should see each other again.

WES: Why?

WOMAN: Because I've been thinking of you all week, too.

WES: That's good. We've both been thinking of each other.

WOMAN: And then I got mad at you because you didn't call soon enough, which is crazy because it's only been a few days. I don't have a life, so I was just waiting for you to call. This is all horrible and I don't wanna hate you.

WES: Man, I wanted to call you, but between work and practice and rehearsal...plus I figured you didn't want me to crowd you, I figured you were busy with your own job, too.

WOMAN: See, that's the thing. I don't have a job. It was all bullshit. I was trying not to scare you away.

WES: You don't have a job? What do I care? I'm not your parole officer. I don't care if you have a job or not. I just wanted to see you.

WOMAN: No, no. Listen, I...I...I haven't left this apartment in over a year.

WES: What do you mean?

WOMAN: So, you should go, please.

WES: Whoa, whoa, whoa, wait. You mean you haven't left your apartment in over a year literally?

WOMAN: Yeah, literally. Not everything's a fucking poem.

WES: Even to go outside for a walk?

WOMAN: No, not anymore, not in a long time.

WES: How about just around the neighborhood?

WOMAN: No.

WES: Really?

WOMAN: Yeah! Fuck, you want me to say it again?

WES: I'm just trying to get it straight.

WOMAN: Probably want to go now, right?

WES: No. Why? Why would I want to go?

WOMAN: Now that you know I'm nutty.

WES: You're not nutty. You're just having a little trouble leaving your apartment. I have trouble with the full moon. And the number six. I don't care if you didn't have any arms, I just wanna be around you.

WOMAN: Bullshit, I saw your face putting it on me.

WES: Forget my face...Wait, so...This is like a...Its like a medical condition, right? So, what? How do you get food?

WOMAN: I just order in, like the other night, or the supermarket delivers.

WES: I didn't know that. Supermarket delivery? Oh. ...Wait...how do you have money for your apartment? And where's that money come from?

WOMAN: Residuals.

WES: Residuals?

WOMAN: Listen...

WES: Oh, like for advertising, that was true?

WOMAN: Hm-hm. Sort of. I did a lot of stuff as an actress.

WES: An actress? What?

WOMAN: This is terrible.

WES: Wow.

WOMAN: This is terrible, I'm sorry, you...

WES: No, no, no.

WOMAN: I've been so selfish. Oh, shit.

WES: What's the matter?

WOMAN: This is...I owe you an apology.

WES: This is great. It takes a lot of time to get your cards out on the table. No, this is good, this is progress.

WOMAN: Yeah, it's very romantic, very seductive.

WES: Oh, I don't want to be seduced. That's not what I'm looking for.

WOMAN: I wouldn't blame you if you didn't wanna hang out anymore.

WES: I'll hang out with you as much as you want to. But you've got to do me a favor. Two favors.

WOMAN: What?

WES: First, can I quickly shower and clean off?

WOMAN: Yeah. Yes. And?

WES: And that gig at Vanguard is coming up. You got to make your best effort to be there on the first night. It would mean a lot to me, just you out there in the dark.

WOMAN: I just...I just...I just told you.

WES: I know what you said and I get it. But when people believe in boundaries, they become a part of them. Just got to promise me your best effort. Best effort to come to the gig.

WOMAN: Fine, but I seriously doubt...

WES: I know. It's okay. We'll see. Who knows? Maybe you just need a special occasion to leave the apartment for.

WOMAN: Yeah, right. Special occasion, sure.

WES: *(re: her cigarette)* You're about to burn your fingers there, madam.

WES: I'm relieved right now. For a minute there, I thought that you didn't desire to see me.

WOMAN: Oh, I do, that's the problem.

WES: That's a decent problem to have. Did you have dinner yet?

WOMAN: No, I haven't.

WES: You like Chinese food?

WOMAN: Yeah. I should have a menu laying around here somewhere.

WES: No, wait. I just want to look at you a second longer. *(He whispers in her ear)* Hey.